The Bystander, March 9, 1921 No. 901. Vol. LXIX.

The BYSTANDER

BY ALFRED LEETE

SPRING!

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Shakespeare's KING HENRY IV.
MATINÉES, WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY, at 2.15.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201). "SYBIL"
JOSÉ COLLINS and Full Cast.
Every Evening at 8 Mats., Tues. and Sat. at 2.15.
Extra Matinée, Easter Monday, March 28, at 2.15.

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722). MARIE LÖHR in "HER HUSBAND'S WIFE."
Every Evening at 8.40.
MATINÉES, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.

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EVERY EVENING at 8.
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Every Evening at 8.15.
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Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday, 2.30.

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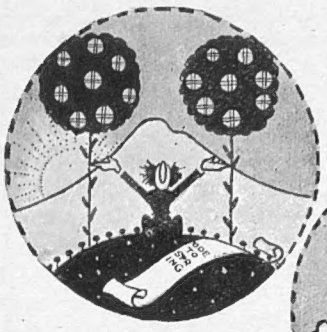
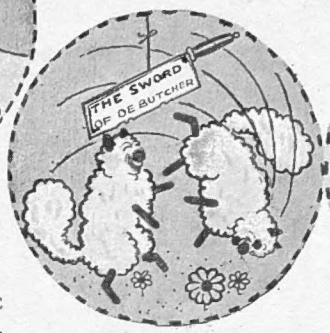
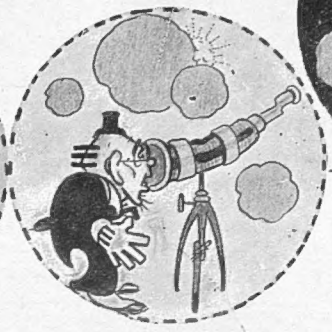


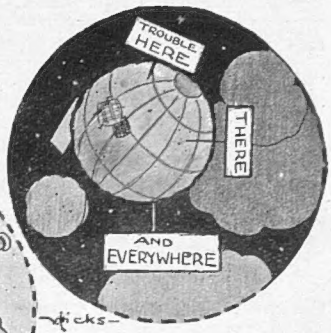
To the poet the Spring is a sylvan glade—



Where gambol baa-lambs until mutton they're made—



To the pessimist person t'would seem to appear



By Victor Hicks

The same as any old time of the year

A Tribute to Spring

THIS number of THE BYSTANDER is dedicated to Spring. Spring is coy, we must admit it. How often she pops her head in through the door, as it were, and then seems to run away again from our eagerly outstretched arms! But she always comes back. This year we saw her smiling face in February. Then she seemed to disappear for a time. But we knew she was here. We could feel her presence. The world never feels quite the same again after Spring has given us even the most fleeting glance, no matter what remains of winter may try to linger on. Nevertheless, we cannot be happy until Spring is standing right in our midst, making our whole world smile in answer to her own gaiety. Therefore it is that we prepared a special Spring Number of THE BYSTANDER. Everyone should do something to attract this coy and dainty season. Here is our offering.

Fickle as Woman

I CANNOT help thinking that Spring often gets frightened away for a time by the foolish or unseemly things that some people do in her name. Think of the Spring poets! Even worse are the Spring humourists, who insist that Spring is the season of colds in the head and red noses. Think of the Spring-cleaners! How can we expect a dainty season like Spring to plunge right amongst all this with one bound and stay there? No. She generally has to take one or two looks before she can summon up her courage to come "right in," as our American friends say. This year, for instance, she had scarcely shown her face in February when every newspaper in the country heard the cuckoo. This was an insult to Spring. She always comes before the cuckoo, and if our newspapers welcome the practical jokers who annually mimic the cuckoo's easily imitated call all over the countryside long before the bird is here, can we wonder that Spring, in whose train the cuckoo follows, is annoyed at their folly and turns her face away for a moment?

A London Idyll

NO one seems to have heard the cuckoo in the Strand or Fleet Street, which so innocently reports the practical jokers aforementioned. But even without the cuckoo, Spring is nowhere more beautiful than in London. Summer grows hot and stale very soon, autumn is untidy and has her fogs, winter is apt to be uncomfortable. Rain and snow and wind lose nearly all their country beauty in Town. But London adds to the beauties of Spring. Nowhere does the first pale tender green of the early leaves look so fairy-like as on the smoke-blackened trunks and branches of the London trees. London's almond blossom, London's lilac, and London's laburnum always seem to me the most beautiful of their kind in the world.

Spoilt by Civilisation

ONE of London's Spring pleasures has been almost entirely spoiled by the advance of what, I suppose, we must admit to be civilisation. On that first Spring day in February I walked with

GEE-WHIZ!
"Where did that one go?"

By Fred Buchanan

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

a friend down Piccadilly, from East to West. What a charming walk it was not many years ago on a Spring morning! The friends you met on the pavement or greeted through the windows, all had that nice Spring,cheerful look, and you could exchange a few cheerful words with them before you passed along. But now—you would need a megaphone to ask the friend at your side for a match. The rush and roar of the motor traffic have spoiled that walk of a Spring morning down Piccadilly. Your friends walk past you, and you past them, as if you were all hastening to catch trains. The pedestrian of the pavement to-day emulates the petrol-driven vehicle of the roadway. I once asked a lady why she walked so quickly. "Because I hate walking," she said "and want to get it over as soon as possible." So it is, I suppose, with London's foot-passengers. They want to get out of the noise and smell of the motor. Sauntering is a lost art—except in the Strand—everyone seems to dawdle there, just because it is the one street where I am always in a hurry.

By Victor Hicks
"CASH ON DELIVERY"

Our Bored Bureaucrats

Political life has lost its attraction, we are told, for that super-man, Sir Eric Geddes. How quickly these super-men exhaust things! The Army, the Navy, the Ministry of Transport, the House of Commons, and I know not how many other great institutions, any one of which for the ordinary great man provides a career that lasts him from youth to old age, and then leaves him with something to learn, are for a man, a super-man, like Sir Eric Geddes, mere episodes in five short years or so. He is going to the City, it is said. I wonder how long that will last him! He will probably be Lord Mayor next November, and boss the Bank of England, Lloyd's, the Stock Exchange, and Pym's within the following twelve months.

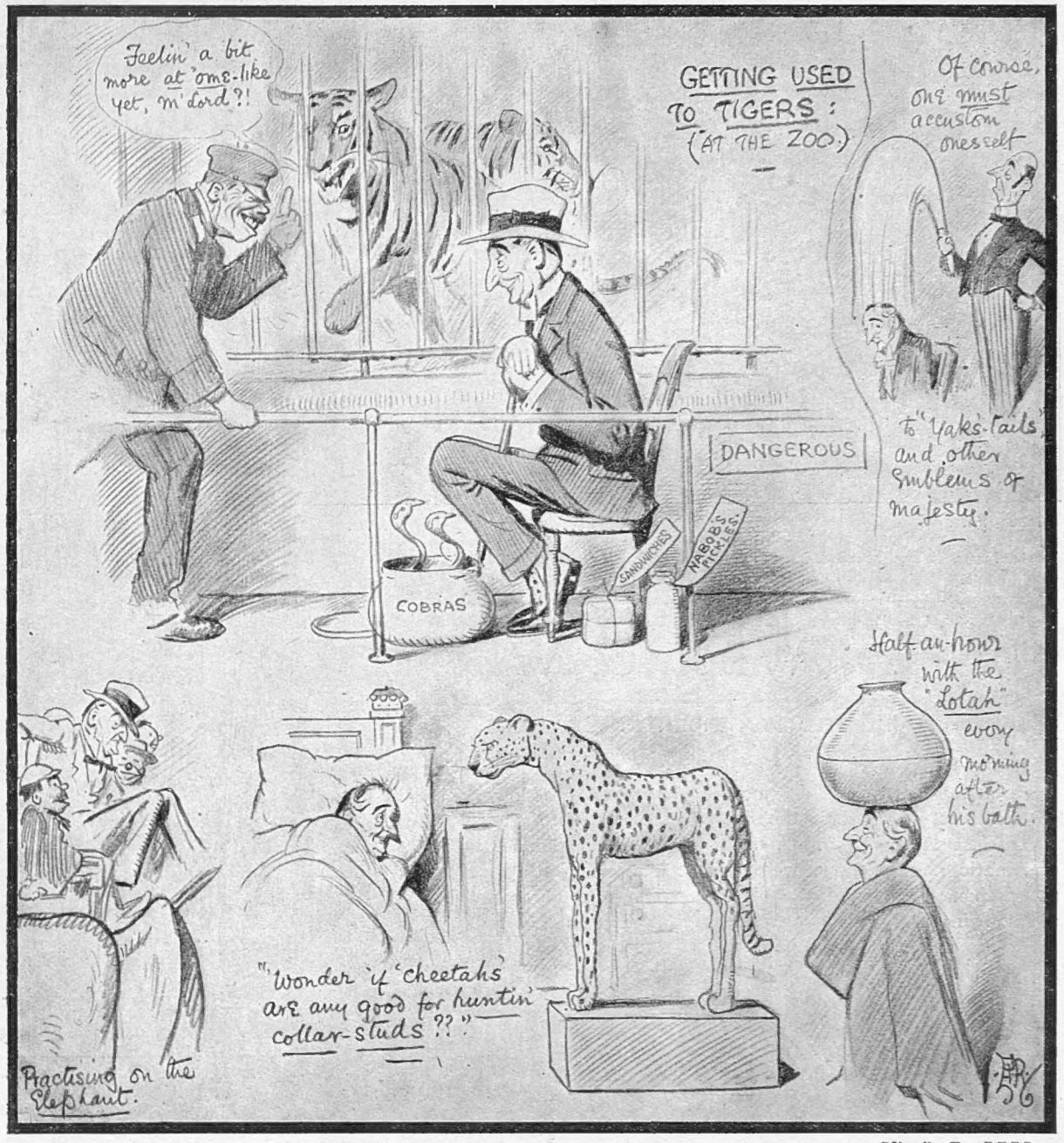
Leave Village Life Alone!

A little while ago we heard much of some devoted people who were anxious to brighten the life of our villages. It made me smile, for I know something of our villages. However, they rather like these missionaries. It is so easy to sell things to them. Now I see that some ladies, shocked by the number of ornaments and the amount of bric-à-brac that adorn our village cottages, have started a crusade for the abolition of these harmless delights. They do not seem to realise that the cottage ornament, even if it be somewhat crude, is, nevertheless, a real expression of an art sense. Before Valasquez came the rude painters on rock walls who employed coloured earths; pre-historic man scratched pictures on bones. Everything has a beginning. The cottager's art collection is as fine to him as the Wallace Collection, and not so crowded. If he is robbed of the one he will never grow to appreciate the other.

SPRING "LEEKS" By Alfred Leete
Tax Payer: "Here, what do *I* get?"
George the Waiter: "The Bill!"

"Chequers" Untouched by Time

I suppose the time will never come when the great works of art that we value to-day will be regarded as crude and elementary by a more highly developed race. But if we are to believe in the doctrine of progress there is really no reason why it should not be so. Yet Lord Lee has stipulated that no furniture, pictures, porcelain, or hangings are to be moved from their present positions in, or taken away from, Chequers. One commentator suggests that the place smacks rather of a museum than a dwelling-house. That, at least, can never be said of the cottage collections. The parlours are apt to be a bit deadly, I admit. But they are no more bric-à-brac'd than the kitchens,



BY E. T. REED

EARL READING PREPARES FOR *HIS* SPRING TO INDIA

The Viceroy-Elect is, of course, utilising all his spare time to accustom himself to his future surroundings. The Zoo may be *quite useful* if you come to think of it!

which are of the essence of home. Let these ladies tackle Lord Lee. Better still, let them go on an artistic missionary tour through the hotels of these more or less favoured isles. In them they will find splendid scope for their reforming zeal.

It's Fritz

THE initial German proposal at the St. James's Conference proved once again that the old tag which declared that the Bourbons forgot nothing and learned nothing must substitute the word "Boche" for "Bourbon." Coincidently with Dr. Simons's proposal Mr. Somerset Maugham is arguing at the Haymarket that life is a Circle. Certain it is, Fritz is still Fritz—the same old truculent, cunning, stupid Fritz as he has been since Success in war against smaller countries ruined him. We all know that nothing succeeds like Success; but Fritz wants to believe that nothing succeeds like Failure.

Too Clever by Half

IN a way his failure has proved a Success—for the Allies. For consider what Dr. Simons has done. Just as we in this country were beginning to forget the worst passions of the War he hardens the hearts of all sections of the community against him, strengthening the hands of the Government in the most unexpected quarters and losing Woolwich for Labour, which had held it for twenty years. Of course, he didn't mean to do it—but he did. The fact is that the German must continue to be what he has intensively trained himself to be—a huge Juggernaut, most efficiently inefficient so far as anything really human is concerned, imagining nothing, feeling nothing. In short, Fritz is Fritz in defeat as well as in victory.

Photograph G.P.U.

SPRING IN THE ROW

The lovely weather brought crowds into the Park last week, and the Row was thickly sprinkled with well-known personalities

Who, When & Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Levée

I DON'T remember a more brilliant Levée than the one of last week. Uniforms, both diplomatic and military, were in the preponderance, and the blaze of colour in consequence was something beyond the hopes of the most ambitious stage-producer.

The new States certainly go in for gorgeousness in their military attire, and the martial members of the many foreign missions now in London were as gay as peacocks. There was a certain amount of khaki, but the old red tunics were very much to the fore, with all the old gold lace and bedanglements. And very pleasant it was to see them.

A Good Idea

THE opening of the new premises of the Institut Français, in the Cromwell Road, brought a number of French *illuminati* to London, and they were all rather mixed up with other French dignitaries who came over for the Conference at St. James's Palace.

Several dinners were given in their honour. The arrangement at one of these dinners struck me as being the last word in tact and wisdom. Each guest was given a card, on which was written the name of the person with whom they would go down, followed by a short *précis* of their position, the work they had done, their published books, etc., etc.

The result was no sort of the *gêne* that is inevitable when you entertain a mixed company of French and English. The little cards served as conversational openings. There was no need for *banalités* and tactful "feelers" as to whether your neighbour was a War-hero or a member of the Académie Française. What he was and what you were were both writ large. So talk began without *pourparlers*, and it was the happiest and most understanding evening imaginable.

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

ENGAGED

A charming portrait of the Hon. Irma Cozens-Hardy, who has just become engaged to Major Frederick Marshman Bailey, C.I.E., Indian Political Department, elder son of the late Lt.-Col. F. Bailey and Mrs. Bailey, of Edinburgh. Miss Cozens-Hardy is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Cozens-Hardy

Photograph *Central News*

FIJIAN PRESENTS

The Prince of Wales showing the Queen and Princess Mary some of the gifts and addresses he received during his Australian and Canadian tour. They are on view at the Imperial Institute

A New Pumpernickel

THE State of Pumpernickel has come to life again. Everybody who has been to Vienna will remember the great Lichtenstein Palace with its gorgeous pictures—

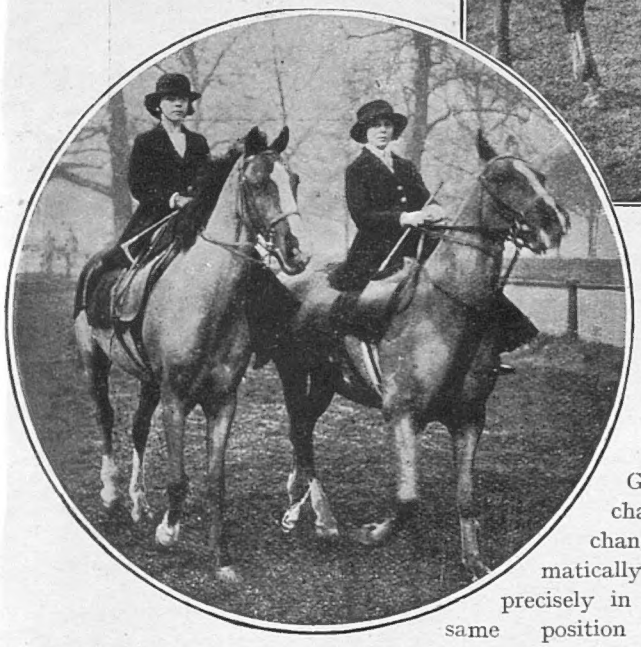
the Laughing Cavalier of Franz Hals supreme amongst them.

For some three hundred years the Princes of Lichtenstein held sovereign rule over their small principality which is sandwiched in between Tirol, Austria, and Switzerland. A hundred and odd years ago the then Prince of Lichtenstein agreed to waive the right of diplomatic representation, and to accept the Customs, the postage-stamps, the coinage of Austria, whilst retaining all his sovereign rights. In the agreement,

Photograph *Sport and General*

LORD RIBBLESDALE

Chatting to Lady Cowley at a recent meet of the Duke of Beaufort's Hounds at Hinton.



Photograph *L.N.A.*

AN EARLY MORNING CANTER

Lady Diana Cavendish (on left) with "Babs" Mayer taking a short ride in the Row. Lady Diana is a niece of the Duke of Devonshire

however, there was a provisory clause to the effect that if the Government of Austria should change, the Prince of Lichtenstein resumed automatically the right he had waived.

At a recent meeting of the Allied Ministers to the present Austrian Government in Vienna an Austrian nobleman suddenly made his appearance. Walking into the room he took a seat at the head of the table. He was informed that the meeting was a private gathering of the Allied representatives, and that doubtless he had made a mistake.

"Not at all," he answered, "I am here as the accredited ambassador of His Serene Highness the Prince of Lichtenstein."

The Envoys Ministerial, Ambassadorial, and Plenipotentiary, said "Rats," in diplomatic language, but the Prince of Lichtenstein's envoy produced charters and documents which proved his case to the hilt. The Austrian Government had changed, and with the change Lichtenstein automatically was precisely in the same position as before the old agreement was made.

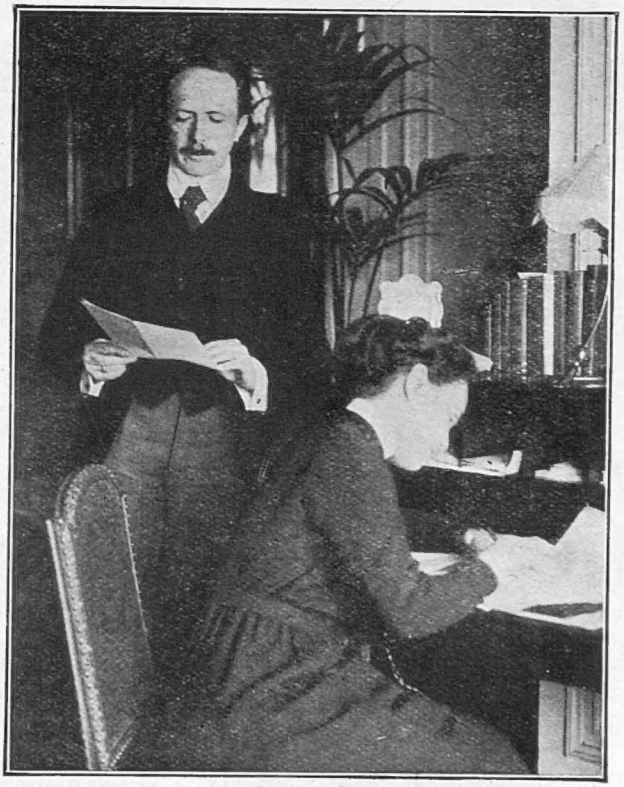
Still in a "State of War"

THE Prince's "Envoy" was asked why Lichtenstein had not been represented at the Versailles Conference since it had the indisputable diplomatic right.

"That was impossible," said the Envoy. "Lichtenstein is in a state of war with France!"

And so it is. In the Franco-Austrian War between Napoleon III and the Emperor Francis Joseph in the middle of the nineteenth century, Lichtenstein was a belligerent on the side of Austria. But when peace was made little Lichtenstein was forgotten, and, diplomatically, she is still in arms against France. Only she hasn't got a single soldier or a gun.

Who can say now that the plots of comic operas are "tosh" and imagination?



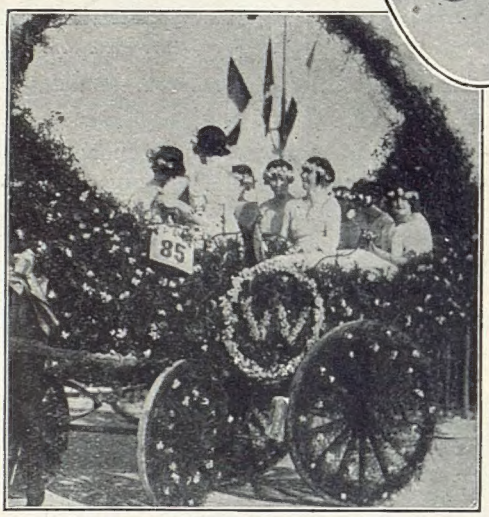
Photograph] **HISTORY NOTE** *[G.P.U.*

Farly in the Spring of 1921—nearly two-and-a-half years after the end of the Great European War—German delegates landed at Dover and at once proceeded to the British Capital. Having taken over their comfortable quarters in the Savoy Hotel, Dr. Simons, their leader, immediately proceeded to dictate the German terms—on scraps of paper

On the Riviera

THE whole Côte d'Azur is crowded; hotels running over, but there is no great spending of money. When the world is not earning, the world is not spending. Even American bars are complaining. "Has the season slumped?" ask their superior and anxious looking tenders? Sporting events get a kind of professional rally; music is certain of a muster of amateurs, but the extravagant restaurants pine and the dance *salons* are not so filled as they were in January. Of course, lots of gay dogs have gone to Italy, where the exchange is more alluring than art or scenery.

Photograph E. Navello
LORD LANESBOROUGH
Who is wintering on the Riviera



THE BATTLE OF FLOWERS
At Mentone, in which this lovely car from the Winter Palace took part in the procession

HENRY RABAUD has been in Nice. He is the big classic of modern French music, director of the National Conservatory—teeming in symphonic erudition; cold, severe in expression; graceful, artistic in appearance. But the scholar and the gentleman does not necessarily make the great composer and his famous *Mi Mineur* almost creates a glacial period in the concert room. His opera, *Marouf*, is legendary and delectable, and has scored a *vrai* success at the Nice Opera. Rabaud has been the lion of the week.

THE arrival of H.M.S. *Temeraire* with ninety-five cadets has restored its lost youth to Cannes. Their advent made pearls and such follies dull things, and the villages revelled in light and good spirits. Everybody wanted to entertain the lads. Prince Charles (Count of Flanders) second son of the King of the Belgians proved himself just a boy like other healthy boys, and entered into the glee of being ashore with that unkillable delight of boyhood which makes the world the best place possible. Lady Coats gave a tea in their honour at the Cercle Nautique, and Lady Wester Wemyss a luncheon at the Villa Montbrillant.

IS there any place where one sees such thrilling company as at Cannes? Dining at the Carlton there was, t'other eve, the Italian Consul, Mrs. Pulitzer, Mrs. Orr-Williams, Major Cartner, the popular and beautiful Ranée of Pudukota, Baron de Rothschild, Mlle. Raymonde Vicart, Lady Dorothy Lyle, and Mme. Gambetta.

Photograph E. Navello
AT CANNES
Constance, Duchess of Westminster, and her husband, Captain Fitzpatrick Lewis, on the Mandelieu golf course

THE Duke of Connaught arrives at Villefranche on his return from India on St. Patrick's Day. There ought to be a special loyal Irish demonstration at that port on that date.

MELBA in *Faust* and the Dog Show on the Terrace have been this week's big spurge's at Monte Carlo. Even the baptism of the Princess Antoinette and the presence of the Prince Albert himself, was somewhat dimmed by the canine demonstration.

Photograph E. Navello
LADY JOAN CAPELL
On the tennis courts at Beaulieu. She is the second daughter of Adele, Countess of Essex

AT Cannes, meanwhile, they prepare with avidity for the first production of de Lara's opera, *The Three Musketeers*; a great book for romantic music and concordant noise.

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NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN

BY FREDERICK GRUNDY

A PAGE FROM THE VERY DISTANT FUTURE

TOWARDS the end of the twentieth century, Hilda, on her seventeenth birthday, came into absolute control of herself and an ample fortune left to her by her father and mother.

To the dismay of her friends, she immediately left Eton, refused to go to Oxford or Cambridge, or to qualify herself for any profession or business, and installed herself in her own house with an elderly aunt as manageress of the establishment. Chaperones in those distant days were unknown.

Hilda's cousins, Mary, Gladys, and Grace, destined respectively for the law, medicine, and the church, had much serious talk with her, urging that it was the duty of every man and woman, independent or not, to take up some calling in life. But it was to no purpose.

Hilda was soon regarded as a recluse. She saw practically nothing of her friends, joining in neither their work nor their play. They knew that she spent much time in the British Museum and foraging in secondhand bookshops, but what her purpose was none of them knew. They concluded, however, that she had taken up some serious study.

She had.

On the evening of her eighteenth birthday Hilda gave her first party. It was quite a big affair. Hilda belonged to "the best people," who came in large numbers, curious to see the young recluse of whom they knew so little.

From the first moment she puzzled them all.

Her very appearance was strange. It was not that she had departed conspicuously from the fashions of the day, but she had, somehow, achieved — in dress, in hair, in everything—what one man described as "a sort of fluffiness" entirely new to them all.

Her manner was even more puzzling. She showed a sort of timidity, especially when talking to men, and would raise her eyelids and then drop them in a fluttering kind of way, that caused one level-eyed young woman doctor to remark to a brother medico that she was afraid there was something radically wrong with the girl's health—probably indigestion. Hilda was certainly very different from all the other girls The women were honestly perturbed about it. The men seemed to find a decided charm in it.

From this time on, Hilda provided her friends with fresh sensations nearly every week. She never went out on foot without a maid. If she rode, a groom attended her. Her aunt was always present when she received visitors. The young woman doctor now suspected mental trouble as the only possible explanation of this constant surveillance.

Summer came along, and Hilda gave garden-parties, at which she introduced games known vaguely only to sporting antiquarians, such as croquet and archery. Indoors, too, she occupied herself in the strangest ways. She worked impossible silk flowers on pieces of canvas, she painted funny little pictures in water-colours, she had silly little books printed, in which she asked her friends to write their favourite heroes, books, puddings, and a lot of other things. She arranged flowers and dusted china; in short, frittered away her time in a way that made Mary and Gladys and Grace simply ashamed of her.

The strange timidity she displayed at the party developed into what her cousins stigmatised as rank cowardice. She was alarmed at even the lesser rodents. In the country she was terrified of the most harmless cow. In many ways she was incredibly helpless. She sought assistance at stiles and stepping-stones. The girls stormed to protect her from cows or help her over stiles, but men seemed to come naturally to her assistance, though the whole performance was utterly strange to them. One day she turned her ankle slightly and nearly swooned. Fortunately Edward was near and caught her. Mary and Gladys and Grace laughed aloud; Edward was most anxious and carried her to a fallen tree, on which she sat for a while prettily excusing her weakness.

In no long time, however, Gladys and Mary and Grace, and the other girls ceased to laugh at Hilda. By degrees many of them began to follow her example. Articles appeared about them in the more frivolous journals, headed "The New Woman."

At this time men and women had been for long on terms of absolute equality in every respect save one—man's sole superiority consisted in his numerical inferiority. Husbands were prizes. Every man in her circle had succumbed to Hilda, and it was plain that until she was engaged or imitated not another girl stood a chance of annexing one.

The New Woman Movement grew rapidly. On the day that she became engaged to Edward, Hilda took Mary and Gladys and Grace into her private sanctum. There she showed them many old books and piles of notebooks filled with her own writing. Then she revealed her secret. Influenced by reading an old volume she had found one school holiday, she made a resolution which she carried out as soon as she was her own mistress. The year after she left Eton she had devoted to the study of early and mid-Victorian fiction—a literature long lost sight of. With what results we have seen. Hilda's "New Woman" was, of course, anything but "New," but in time she regained for Woman the enviable position that she had lost in the early decades of the twentieth century.

F. G.

BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

A SPRING FANTASY

SYBIL AT DALY'S

By "JINGLE"
Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

JOSÉ COLLINS AS SYBIL

THIS is described as a New Musical Production, and I don't see how you could very well call it anything else. It presents the fascinating José Collins in some gorgeously beautiful frocks, and gives her plenty of opportunity to exercise her tuneful voice, which has a charm of its own. One of the frocks looks as if someone had spilled a bucketful of diamonds over it, most of them staying where they fell. As a specimen of glittering sheen and shimmer it is remarkable alike for its richness and its tasteful beauty. The story of the play is set in a Russian background, and the first scene takes place at Bomsk, which sounds like the Russianised name of something very highly explosive. The period of the story is not indicated, but it is obvious that it is pre-War Russia that is in question, though a fine romantic adventure of this kind could happen anywhere where Grand Dukes and Duchesses abound with their usual prodigality.

SYBIL (Miss Collins) is a famous French singer who has been brought from Paris to delight the remaining capitals of Europe with her enchanting gift. The professional name of her impresario is Poire; but although M. Poire finds it convenient when in public to speak broken English in order to lend support to his claim to be a real Parisian, he takes the first opportunity of letting us know that he is really a lad fra' Lancashire. Only, in order to make money in the musical industry, you have to pretend to be some kind of a foreigner, as the English are not supposed to be a musical race, though they don't seem to have missed much on that account. Poire is energetically represented by Mr. Huntley Wright, who is happily with us again after his excellent war service. Mr. Wright leaves no stone unturned in his valiant effort to find some humour in the part allotted to him. He works himself about the stage as if he were a marionette on wires; and I reckoned that, counting the actual ground covered, he must have walked a clear mile in each act. No doubt, at the earliest possible moment, Mr. Wright will take his part in hand himself, and then the fun of it will be more spontaneous.

HARRY WELCHMAN AS THE GRAND DUKE

ON the way to Bomsk Sybil has had the indiscretion to fall very much in love with a handsome Russian officer, Captain Paul Petrov, and the first thing she does when she gets on the stage is to sit down and write a nice letter to her beloved. In spite of the confidential nature of her communication, she sings each line as she writes it, with the result that she does not keep up the lightning speed of caligraphy that is usual in stage correspondence. The scene is very charming and very effective, and obviously delights the audience. And just as Sybil gets to the P.S., where the noughts and crosses occur in a love-letter, in walks Paul Petrov himself. He has run away from his regiment in order to be near her, and to avoid arrest he proposes that they shall start for Paris at once. No doubt a formal marriage ceremony was part of his programme, but I missed the details. As soon as Poire hears the news he is, naturally, a good deal upset. This projected elopement will nip his European tour in the bud and ruin his prospects for ever, and although we are all anxious to oblige the ladies, the line must be drawn somewhere. Sybil's reply is that love makes the world go round. Indeed, in order to give greater point to her assertion —which, I believe, has never been disputed— she bursts into song about it, rendering in her own sweet way a melody that is, I think, destined to be very popular.

THEN we come to further complications. For instance, no less a personage than the Grand Duchess Anna Pavlovna is expected to arrive at Bomsk at any moment, and the obsequious Governor of the City has arranged all sorts of functions in her honour, including a gala ball and a special illumination of the streets. He is, in his own estimation, a very important person; consequently it is not surprising to find that when news comes that the Grand Duchess has been held up on the road he is about the only functionary concerned who does not get the news. He comes to the hall of the Grand Hotel in Bomsk, and, seeing Sybil on the stairs, mistakes her at once for the Grand Duchess. Sybil is disposed to undeceive him at first, but, realising that by playing the part of a great personage she will make it easier for herself and Paul

Petrov to get away, she decides to bluff it out. In spite of her request for a humble cab, she is compelled to proceed to the ball in state, and then her troubles begin. All she can do, therefore, is to send word to the real Duchess appealing for clemency, and asking for support in her hour of trial. And the Duchess, taking the situation in a nicely sporting spiri promptly announces that she herself is the great singer from Paris—Sybil Renaud.

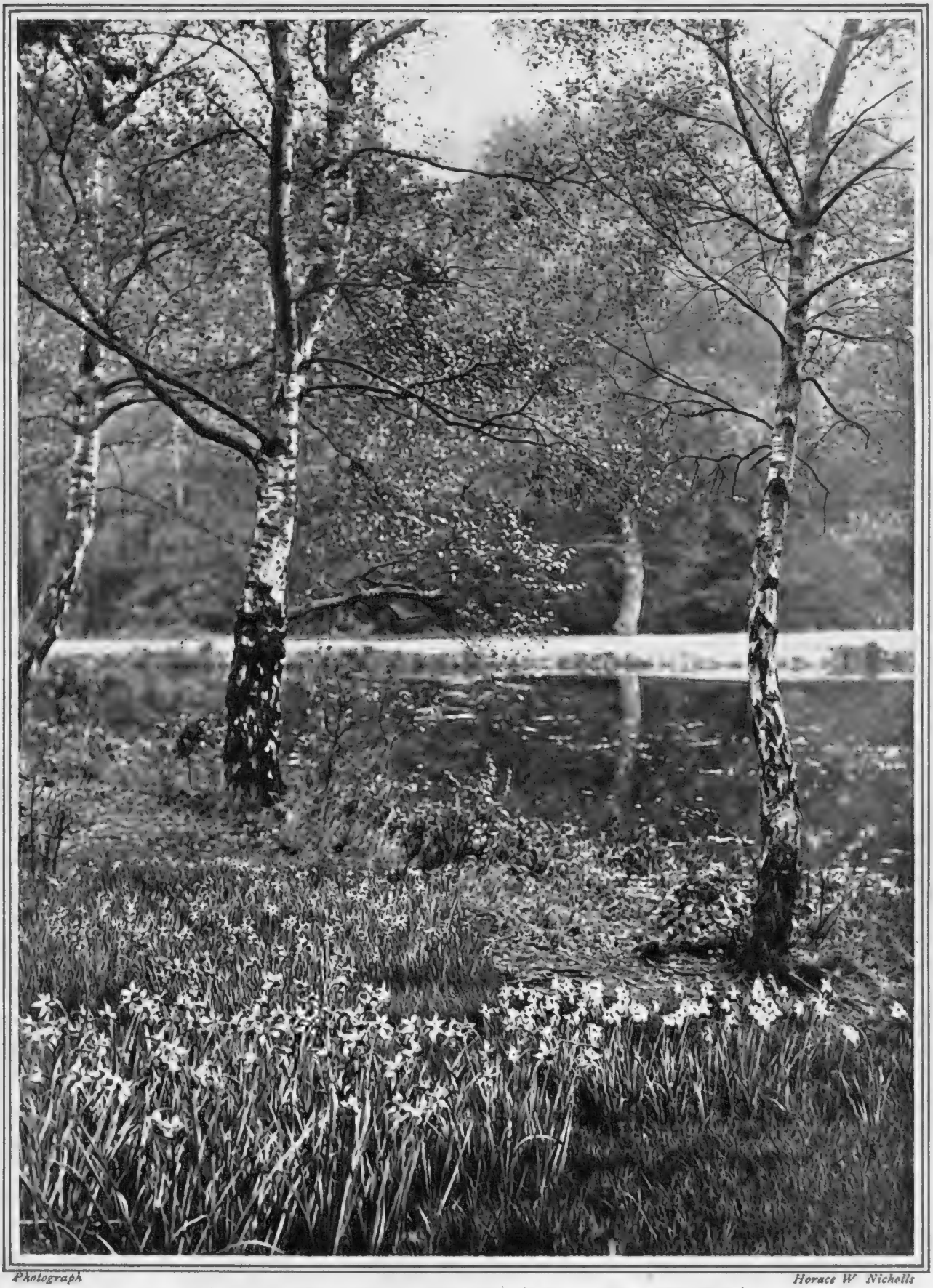
THEN, still more complications. The Grand Duke Constantine comes to the ball to find his Duchess, and meets instead the fair Sybil, who has misled the crowd into believing that she is the genuine goods. Constantine observes with a wary smile that this lovely girl has placed herself in his power absolutely. He also gives us to understand that he does not propose to miss a good thing; and over a cup of tea he hints to Sybil the fate that is in store for her. This takes the musical form of a duet between Mr. Harry Welchman, who is in perfect voice, and Miss Collins, who is here at her best. Every now and then Sybil interrupts the Grand Duke's amorous overtures with a commonplace question as to whether he takes milk with his tea, and whether he prefers one lump of sugar or two, just as the girl whose toe you have been pressing under the table for ten consecutive minutes will look up at last with a detached air and enquire as to the state of your father's health.

WHEN the real Grand Duchess arrives, masquerading as the French singer, the Grand Duke plays the situation boldly off before the crowd. As far as anyone seems to know, Sybil is the Grand Duchess, and so when the Grand Duke says it is time to say goodnight and come along, only the real Duchess appreciates the enormity of the situation. She promptly counters it accordingly by inviting one of the officers to escort her to her room, or thereabouts; and the complication becomes very acute indeed as the curtain falls on the second act. To save anybody worrying about it in the interval, however, it seems only merciful to say that the tangle straightens itself out in due course, and the fanciful programme of the Grand Duke is duly nipped in the bud. Let us all be thankful for small mercies! The Grand Duchess is represented by Miss Jean Stirling, who not only has a commanding presence on the stage, but sings with a tunefulness that evokes enthusiastic applause from the audience. Mr. Noel Leyland represents the Captain Paul Petrov with a nice perfection, and Miss May Beatty, as the wife of Poire, supplies an element of light humour that adds to the enjoyment of the piece. But a little more humour is very much needed, and that is why we look towards Mr. Huntley Wright in the hope that he will catch our eye and likewise bow!

JINGLE.

"When Spring Unlocks the Flowers

TO PAINT THE LAUGHING SOIL"—*Heber*



Photograph *Horace W Nicholls*

BURNHAM BEECHES IN ALL ITS GLORY

SPRING SONG

BY A. A. THOMSON

A was a long-haired bard, disposed to sing;
B was a cynic sour, with grin sardonic;
Said A: "I'd better write a song of Spring,"
Said B: "You'd better take a liver-tonic."

THIS is the month when tender snowdrops bloom,
When nature calls on man to come and frolic——."
"When housemaids harry you from room to room,
And scour your teapot out with strong carbolic."
"When sunlit meadows bear their first green crops,
And fleecy ewes their new-born lambs are weaning——"
"When home-life reels 'neath dust-sheets, pails, and mops,
And comfort dies a martyr to spring-cleaning."

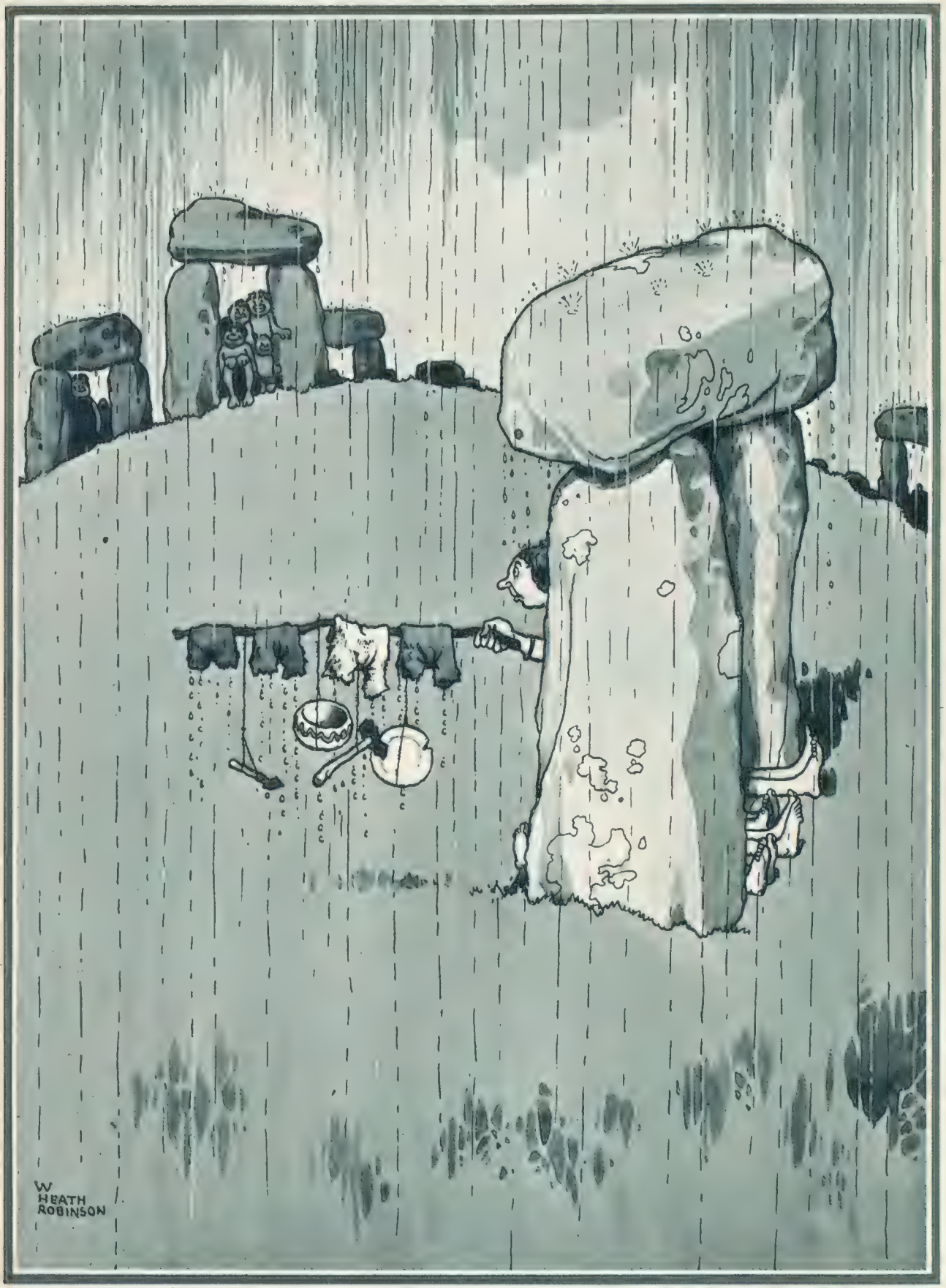
"ON verdant hill-top blows the morning breeze,
Where fresh-cheeked shepherdesses on their way go——"
"I know. It attacks you with a sneeze,
Then turns and swiftly jabs you with lumbago."
"The thrush sings blithely in the garden-plot,
In many a mountain-streamlet leaps the salmon——"
"Meanwhile you keep your feet in mustard (hot),
And hourly dose yourself with tinc. quin. ammon."

"THE cuckoo's call, the ring-dove's plaintive coo,
From woodland green upon the ear come trilling——".
"Your landlord has a knack of calling, too;
Your tailor also is quite fond of bill-ing."
"High, high above, in the Olympian blue
The tuneful lark on buoyant wing soars, questing——"
"It wouldn't be so perky if it knew
The facts about the present cost of nesting."

THE poet left his poem and wiped his eye,
So much these true (but cruel) comments tore him.
The cynic looked up at the April sky . . .
And then sat down and wrote the darned thing for him!

SKETCHES BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

The First Spring-Clean



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

SALISBURY PLAIN, 1921 B.C.

FEMINA

THE CARES OF SPRING

BY MRS. M. VINCE

THE poets may sing of the beauties of Spring, and of its sunshine waking all the earth again and bringing back love to it, but there is another thing that this same sunshine does, which can only be called beautiful and poetic in a negative sense. It shines into our houses and lights on all that is worn and soiled and shabby in them, and remorselessly points them out to us—all the things that have been mercifully hidden during the dark, short days of winter. As we go from room to room we cannot help seeing how much they need clean paper and paint; and when we go out, instead of being able to enjoy the Spring, remembering its beauties and forgetting its cares, the sight of the painters' handcarts in the streets, and of the painters themselves on the ladders, turning the dirty paint on the stucco houses cream again, keeps reminding us of the rooms at home that the sunlight has found out.

PAINTING and papering have always been the problem of Spring, and now that it costs a hundred pounds to paint the outside of a house that cost forty before the War, it is more difficult than ever to decide which rooms must be done at once and which can be left for another year.

BEFORE you decide about it, be certain that it is impossible to have the paper and paint cleaned. Very few people realise that wallpapers can be most effectively cleaned, and that to do it is neither difficult nor costly. It depends, in the first place, on the paper. It is useless to attempt to clean cheap papers. They are too thin to stand it, and their colours fade very quickly. You can take off the dirt, but you cannot put back the colours that have faded. On the other hand, good wallpapers not only last a long time—I know of papers that have been up for twenty years—but they clean very well.

ALL that one wants is bread, stale bread. The best is a loaf that has been kept for a week, uncut. It should be cut into pieces and after the wall has been dusted over with a feather brush, the paper should be rubbed down with the crumb of the bread. The important points to remember are that the rubbing should be light, that it should be done vertically, never horizontally, and that it should always be down, never up and down. It should be done in short strokes. From a foot to two feet to each stroke is enough. So light should the touch be that it would really be more correct to speak of wiping, rather than rubbing the paper.

BY FIELD SMITH

THE PROMISE OF SPRING

THE problem of cleaning paint is chiefly the problem of not spoiling the wallpaper while you do it, for the actual cleaning is easy enough. It is done, quite simply, with soap and water, but here again very simple means fail unless they are used in just the right way. The first thing is to wash the paint with a good soap and tepid water. Then it should be washed over again with clean tepid water, without soap, and a clean cloth, and then it should be rubbed with a polishing-leather. The secret lies in the polishing-leather and in having the second cloth and the plain water absolutely clean.

BUT how is this washing of the paint of skirting boards and dados to be done without spoiling the edge of the paper that has already been so carefully cleaned? As you wash with one hand hold with the other a strip of tin, about twelve inches long and three inches wide, pressed against the paper on the top of the skirting board. Such pieces of tin one can get ready fitted with handles, so that they are quite easy to hold firmly in position. Dados and skirting boards ought, in fact, never to be washed without this protection for the paper.

JUST as it is necessary, if the paper is to be cleaned successfully, that its original colours should be there and not have faded, so, too, it is no good attempting to wash paint if the paint has already been half cleaned off by those patent, but too powerful, cleaning stuffs, beloved of maids, which remove the dirt and the paint together. But, given good papers in the beginning and woodwork on which the paint has not been destroyed, then, without painters or paper-hangers, you can make your walls again so that you need not be ashamed of the Spring sunshine coming into your rooms.

M. V.

A Dress Show in Paris

BY ELSA COURLANDER

Walk! Wiggle! Walk!
On your mission to let us see;
And I'm glad that my tongue can't utter
The thoughts that occur to me.

And the *mannequins* go on,
On their silly tittuppy feet—
But oh! for the cut of a tailor's hand,
And the line of a waist that's neat!

What

"THE VISIONS THAT BLOOM

Hopes!

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

IN THE SPRING, TRA LA!"

A SPRING ECHO

BY K.R.G. BROWNE

WHEN his Great Sorrow came to the Poet he withdrew to the little cottage on the edge of the heath, and settled down to the interesting existence of a deeply wronged man. He was happily miserable, and wrote a great number of melancholy poems; fortunately, he was not entirely dependent upon his poetry for a living. An elderly female with one tooth appeared gloomily each morning and did the housework; she also did the Poet, but, being a Poet, he was not aware of it. Otherwise he lived alone.

One morning the Poet sprang from his bed, flung wide the window, and snuffed the air. A bird was singing in a tree, and the Poet lent a respectful ear.

"Sing on, lark!" he said, sadly. "Sing on! You, too, know that Spring is here!" The lark, which happened to be a thrush, obeyed him, and sang on.

"Happy bird!" sighed the Poet. "Ah, well! This morning I will go out and compose a slightly melancholy sonnet."

Accordingly, in due course, he assumed his hat, his goloshes (for the dew was heavy), and his stick, and set forth across the heath in quest of inspiration. Pacing along, wrapped in thought, he came unexpectedly upon the Failure.

The Failure sat upon a hillock and gazed into space. He was so obviously a Failure that he could never have been mistaken for anything else, except, possibly, an eccentric Duke. He wore an antique bowler hat whose brim had quarrelled with the crown, a greenish frock-coat, and open-work boots; there was also a celluloid collar, and he had plainly omitted to shave.

"Morning," said the Failure.

"Good morning," responded the Poet, who had had the best of educations. "A glorious day, is it not?"

"Glorious is as glorious does," said the Failure. "I hate the day, personally."

"But why?" asked the surprised Poet. "I thought I was the only man in England who did not welcome Spring."

The Failure bounded on his hillock. "Spring!" he snarled. "So that's it! I knew there was something wrong." He inspected the Poet. "So you don't care for Spring? Then you've more sense than one would otherwise suppose. What's wrong?"

The Poet was only too eager to tell him what was wrong. His solitary living had bred in him an intense desire to unburden his soul to someone, and the Failure seemed as good as anyone he was likely to find. He spread his handkerchief upon the hillock and lowered himself into its exact centre, for the dew was still heavy.

"Now," said he, "I will tell you why the advent of Spring tortures my soul." The Failure blew his nose and prepared to listen.

"Once upon a time," said the Poet, "there were two men and a Woman. The men we will call Pepper and Rippingill; the Woman's name is immaterial. Both these men loved the Woman, but she could not make up her mind concerning them, for each had his good points. So each continued to hope. Pepper and Rippingill never met, for the Woman never allowed them both to call on the same day."

"A Woman of sense," observed the Failure, approvingly.

"Finally," resumed the Poet, "Pepper and Rippingill grew restless and demanded her answer. One of them, they said, she must choose. So, as she was still unable to decide, the Woman set them a test. She said that she would marry the one who picked for her the largest quantity of violets on the first day of Spring. She had a romantic nature, and felt that her husband must have one also." The Poet paused and sighed resonantly.

"Go on," said the Failure. "This is interesting."

"So," pursued the Poet, "Pepper and Rippingill set forth, each in his respective neighbourhood, to gather violets. Pepper laboured hard all day, searching the woods, scouring the fields, furtively inspecting gardens. Late that night he returned to the Woman with quite a sizable collection of violets and quite confident of success. But, alas! Rippingill had already been and gone, and the violets of Rippingill were to the violets of Pepper as the sands of the sea to a packet of pins."

Here the Poet well-nigh broke down, and only stifled a sob with an effort. The Failure regarded him thoughtfully.

"And why," he asked, "does that make you dislike Spring?"

The Poet raised a lack-lustre eye.

"Because," he said, "she married Rippingill. I am Pepper."

The Failure nodded; then he leaned forward and smote the Poet a resounding blow upon the back. His moist eyes gleamed in the sun.

"Listen to me!" he cried. "Man, where is your philosophy that you let a thing like that ruin your life? Let me tell you that you should thank whatever gods there be, every day of your life, for the lucky chance which made you lose that test! You should be, without a doubt, one of the most contented men the United Kingdom can produce!"

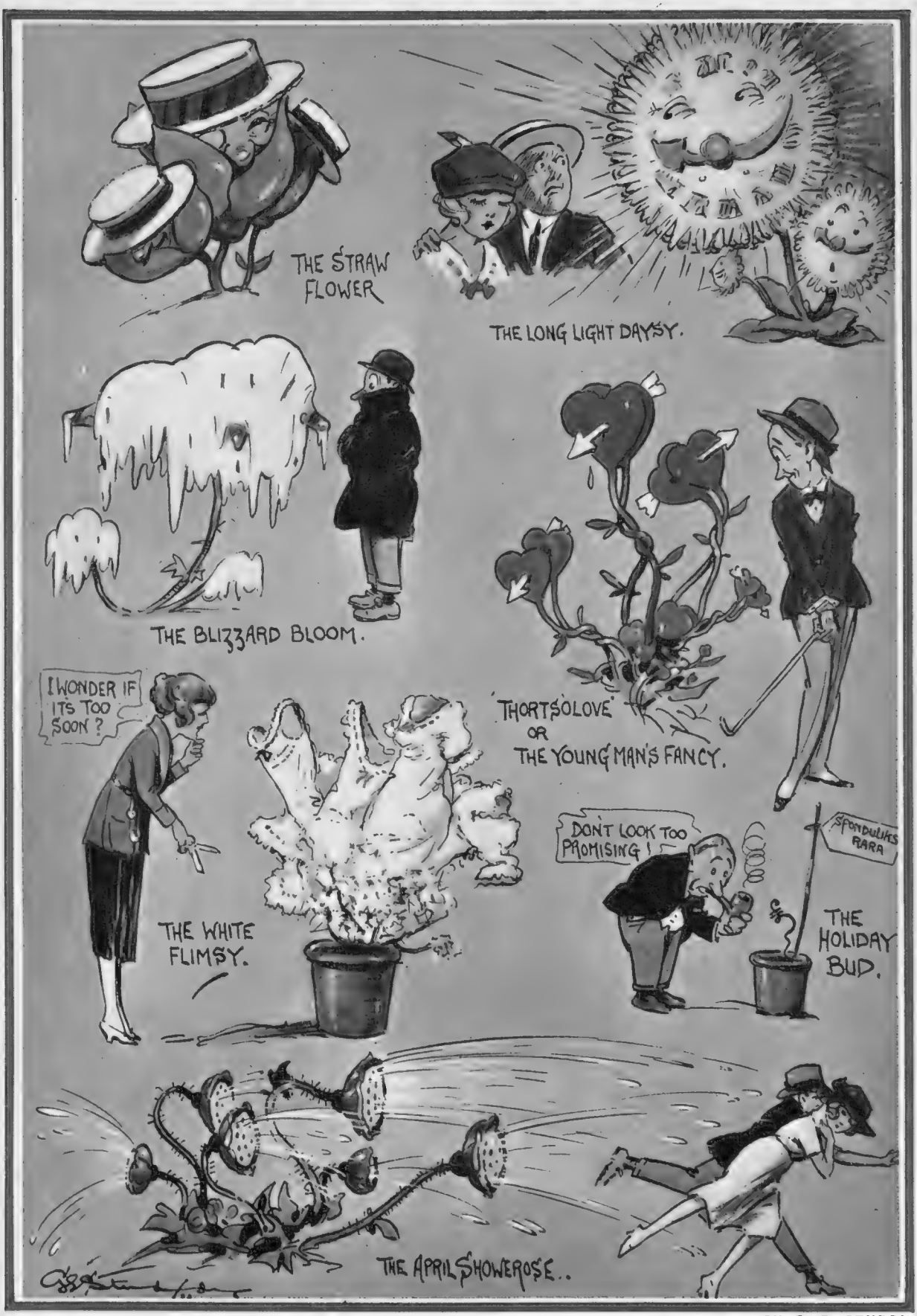
The Poet looked at him in open amazement.

"How can you say that?" he said. "I don't understand."

The Failure grinned a wry, unhappy grin.

"Violets," said he, "are easily bought at any time of the year, if one is so inclined. So, again I say, thank your lucky stars that you failed in that test. I ought to know, for I am Rippingill!" K. R. G. B.

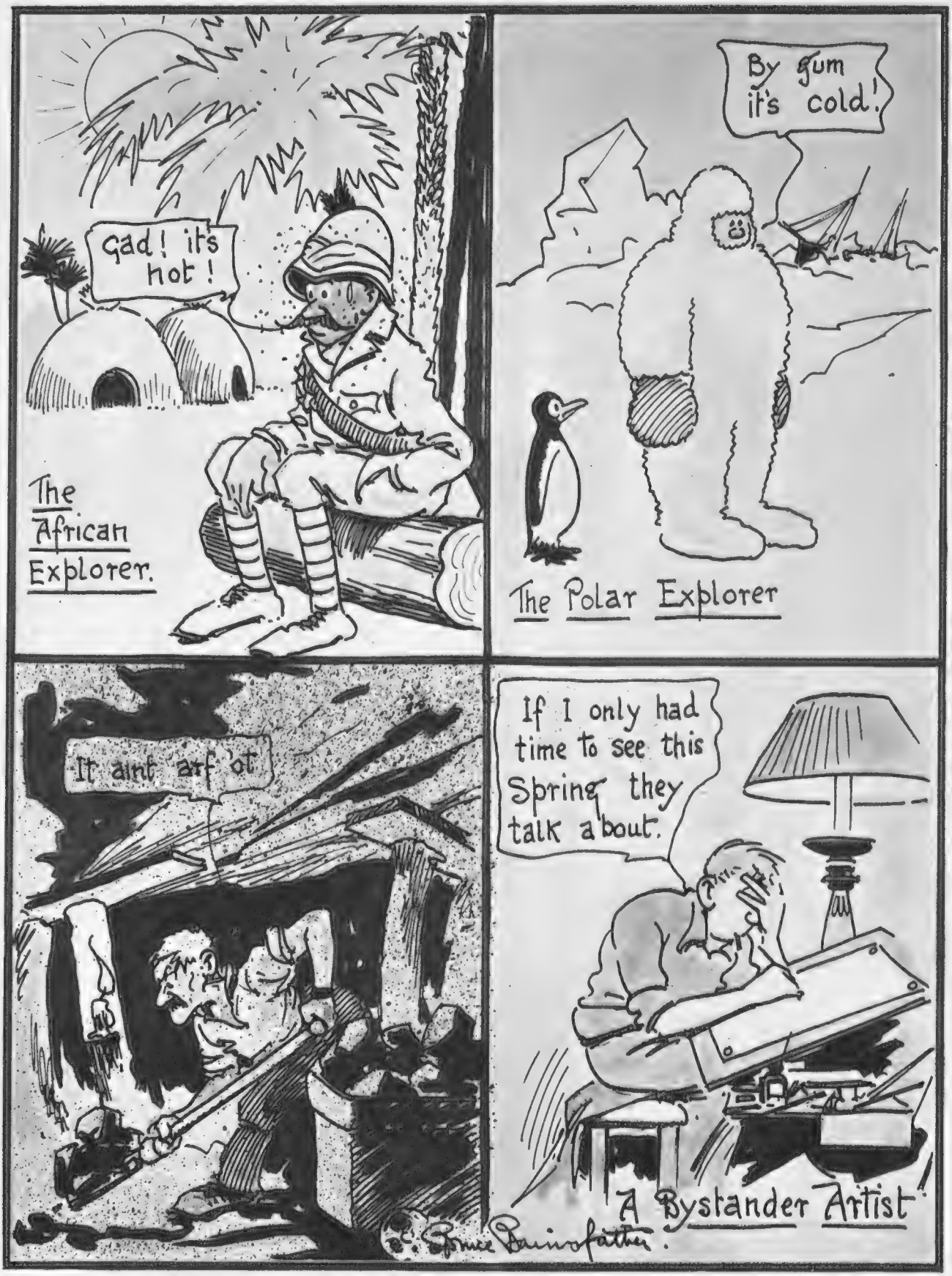
Hardy Annuals—



BY G. E. STUDDY

—Now Bursting Into Bloom

Spring!



BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

SOME PEOPLE SEEM TO MISS IT ALTOGETHER

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN.

"LE PRINTEMPS"

"Take her furs from round her neck"

MES AMIS—

THERE is, as most of you know, *sans doute*, a delicious custom in France to call shops of all sorts, from the *petite boutique* to the *grands magasins*, by cheerful little phrases that create a feeling of the friendliness. For instance, you will mostly find the little village shop that has a stock of all the things, from *sucre d'orgè* to caps for ploughboys, is known as "Au Bon Coin." In England, I have noticed, you would call it "Jackson's," or the name of any owner who is at the time in the possession. You have it not, I think, this sentimental custom, except perhaps for just your inns and public houses. I often wonder why.

IT puts, I think, your task to shop upon a different basis if you make your purchases at the "Cloche d'Or" instead of at the Jenkinsons. In Paris, I admit, the poetry of the name is sometimes sacrificed more than it has been in the provinces. There is, *par exemple*, not much that makes appeal to the soulful in "100,000 Chemises," an establishment which seems to have as many branches as it has shirts to select from. It may have the value of advertisement. Perhaps there are many people who have the happiness to know they have one of the 100,000. But it does not at all appeal to me. The one that I adore is "Au Printemps." For that name I have the affection of the childlike. (This Springtime is not the Springtime of the which I go really to write in this letter. But when I have once begun a letter about *the* Printemps, I cannot withhold myself from a little word of thanks for all the cheer-ups I have had from that title of encouragement, "Au Printemps.") When I have passed the corner of the Boulevard Haussmann, with the shivers of December down my back, and my little friend has had the wish to take her furs from round her neck and put them over the expanse of her silk stockings, I have seen the gilded sign and thought at once of sunshine—soon to come, it always makes me feel. And in the blaze of July when to cross that corner on the way to the Gare St. Lazare has produced the perspiration from the hatband to the heels it has made me think of rains which cool and breezes that are fresh, not like the escape from a furnace, that stifles me at just the moment. It may be that I am easily impressed, *mais, voila!* I once have thought, when I was younger, there has been a M. Printemps, who has owned the *magasin*, and much and often have I wished to thank him for to lend his pretty name to give us all the year the thoughts of Spring. And even now I would be gratified to shake the hand of that dear, kindly-minded gentleman who has had the inspiration to select the title. He has been a real benefactor with his Springtimes *en été comme en hiver*.

"The pessimist cultivateur"

THERE is a doubt about the Spring this year in Paris. It has been once or twice already here. I wish to touch the wood as I say it is still here, for there are many fears that it has come too soon and will again go away. And if the summer was not ready to take the vacant place it would leave all the things that grow in a state of not to know what to do. They would not be certain whether it was the time to grow still more or whether it was the season to wither. I do not see how the things that grow can for themselves decide that. It is possible that they might have what the conferences of the peace have called a compromise. They might altogether vote for a hiatus. But they are rather inexperienced in this matter of the compromise compared with the conferences of the peace, now expert with the practice.

(Continued on page 530)

"Spring

SOME REMARKABLE EXAMPLES OF THE

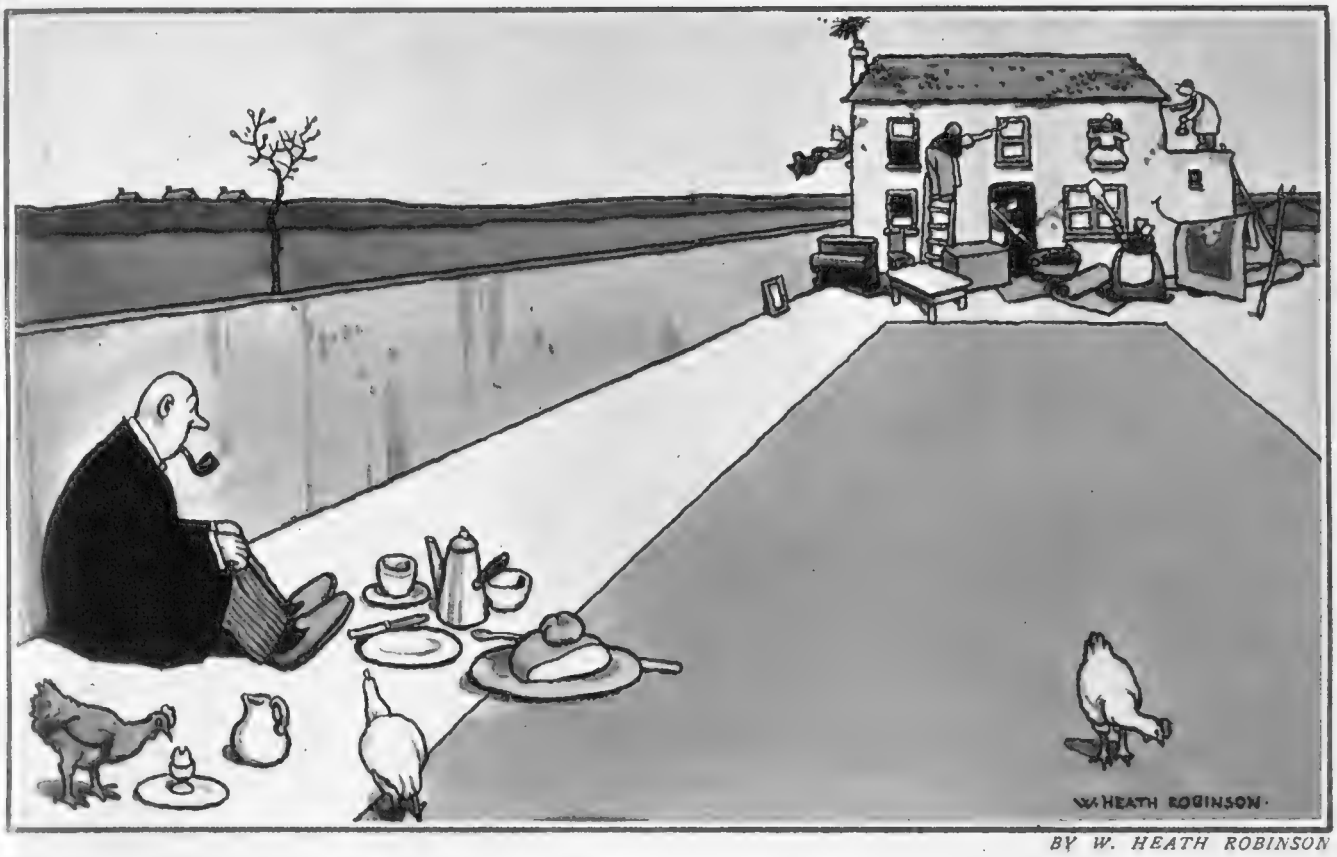
BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

BY ALFRED LEETE

Whilst scheming this Special Spring Number, the Editor (who once nearly had a shilling on "Old Bill" at Ascot) was suddenly smitten with the idea that racing should have its place in such an issue. The following "wireless" was

Handicaps"

ABSENCE OF "HORSE SENSE"



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

BY NORMAN KEENE

therefore sent to some of *The Bystander* artists: "Send drawing on 'Spring Handicaps'—Urgent." These pictures are the result Awful donkeys, these artist fellows—what!

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

I THINK, for instance, of the youthful little daisy that has stopped my drive when I have been out at Le Pecq to learn the golf this week. You will suppose I have made a mistake to say drive instead of putt, but that is not so. My drives are like that. I have accomplished to lift one off the ground, but it was at the short hole, where I have used a mashie. My English friend, Morison, has advised me to sell the driver and buy two mashies, but I have suspected that there is some joke concealed in that suggestion so I have persisted with the driver. Until the ball has been pulled up by the little daisy about six yards from the tee. Then I have thought that perhaps the advice about the mashie has been sound and kindly. It is not to be surprised at that I have since thought much about this daisy and that it should come in mind when once I start to write about the Spring. Suppose that daisy should remain just as it is, in case of the flight of Spring and the absence of summer, instead of pushing its dainty little white head above the *trajet* of my drive! I shall have no hope at that hole except in the mashie. Or at any other of the holes, for all of the tee grounds are bordered with crowds and crowds of *petites pâquerettes*. And I have not a lot of confidence in the mashie. So it may be I shall lose my tender affection for all the flowers and shall wish to be realised the fears of my friend the *cultivateur*. The *cultivateur* has the pessimism. He shakes his head to talk of the too-soon Spring and repeats that there will be no crops. The *pousses* of the young corn will all be killed, he says, as soon as the false warmth of the straying season shall be withdrawn. I hope that he has wrong and the disappearance of the Spring will be followed by the immediate summer. I wish to be spared the criminal sensations I should have to see the daisies shrinking.

"To take their lunches on the chairs"

THERE is much hope, of course, the *cultivateur* will have wrong. Paris is one of those cities which could be described in the musical language of your delightful M. Goldsmith, "Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid," and though this year it is so early to be dangerous it has come very soon in years before without the evil consequence. And there is this advantage for the most part of the Parisians (who do not learn the golf) that they have had already the great pleasure of the days and days of glorious sunshine. It has been a time of records in the enjoyments of the open air. I have stood on the Place de la Concorde on the afternoon of Sunday and there have been the crowds of the days of fêtes, making black the side-walks of the Champs Élysées. And on the working days the *midinettes* have once again begun to take their lunches on the chairs within the gardens of the Tuileries. ROLAND

"THERE'S MANY A SLIP—" By A. WALLIS MILLS

"I see Doctor Fry just coming up the hill. Shall I ask him to wait a few minutes, darling, in case you slip or anything?"

BY FRANK H. MASON

FITTING OUT

"ROMANCE BE BLOWED!" SAID THE MARCH WIND

BY REGINALD HIGGINS

TOO MUCH VIRTUE

BY THE OLD GUARD

THE pleasant feast of Spring is with us once again, the bird of the air has found its mate, and the early buds on the open road call to us of the life that is being born anew. In the Spring, by common tradition, the good red blood of the English flows less sluggishly in their veins; wherefore let us pray that the English may now be moved to claim their right to those ancient liberties that are now being filched from them by the over-virtuous. For, to-day, the freedom of the English is being shamefully gyved by Brother Walk-In-The-Way and his fellow Pecksniffs; while the spirit that forced a tyrant King to sign the great charter of our liberties is in danger of being stifled among us.

THE unco' guid are so concerned for our souls that, against the will of Parliament and the nation, they are striving to build a new Kingdom Come on the doubtful basis of mongrel science and faked statistics. If the English have still their splendid old capacity for sin, now is their time to beat off the shackles that bind them to the wheel of Cant.

TIME was when the English adventurer fared forth upon the ocean of chance with his fortune, and even his life, staked upon a turn of the card. If he lost, he died; if he won, the gain was his and England's. The mealy-mouthed were less ready to speak of it as gambling then! The adventurers whose forebears made the glory of England are with us to-day. They are ready once more to hazard their fortunes to save the credit of England if only they may have a sporting chance of winning a great prize. But those who for the moment usurp the seats of the mighty will not help the Englishman to gamble his fortune away for the nation's good. It would not be proper, forsooth! Yet what can they know of England, who have never had a fancy for the Two-thirty? Proper or not, it is the English thing to do, and when that has been said criticism is silenced in advance.

LET us have an end of this morbid craving for earthly halos, and let us be English. Let us have men to rule over us who are full-blooded Englishmen and not anæmic plaster saints. Ministers of the Crown in the brave days of old were not strangers to the racecourse or the gaming table, but they made England great withal!

HORATIO NELSON was no Saint Anthony; but he kept the sea for England. Wellington was a plain man, full of strange oaths, who got drunk o' Fridays, but he saved England from the foreign yoke. And to-day we have our toast-and-water paragons who strain at the gnat of the workman's beer, and swallow the camel of Teutonic double-dealing with a greedy gulp. There is too much virtue in these valiant statesmen of our day, and there is danger that sooner or later it will run, like the historic gunpowder, out of the heels of their boots and trip them up.

TIME was when your average Englishman prided himself on his reverence for the law. But now, owing to the antics of our 30-u.p. Government in making rules that no man can respect, that same average Englishman takes delight in recounting privily the cunning shifts by which he sets the law at nought. God wot, we have already enough sins to carry! It were a sorry trick in our leaders to saddle us with more. Let those leaders come out of their sanctimonious shells for once, and be English in spirit if not in blood.

ENGLAND would be a better place if the over-saintly Premier would, on his way home to-morrow, stop to shove a full-sized policeman off the kerb-stone and abide by the consequences. And there would be a new hope for this fair England of ours if the ineffable Bonar Law would cause it to be known that his favourite sport is, let us say, shove-ha'penny or Crown-and-Anchor. You cannot make a C3 nation out of A1 Englishmen; and the misguided officials in Whitehall attempting the disastrous miracle should be packed off to a likelier job. We have spoken!

By DICK GERMAN

A SURE SIGN OF SPRING!

The delivery of that ton of coal you ordered last November!

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ROOMS of character—rooms that convey the charm of distinction reflected by the occupant—are rooms with a decorative scheme *based on the carpet.* The starting point in furnishing any room should always be the carpet—other decorative accessories should be adopted afterwards.

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In the Shadow of St. Paul's.

In the Shadow of St. Paul's.

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE." *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *March 7*

DEAR COUSIN—

I DON'T care if it *does* snow to-day and hail to-morrow and freeze next day, as it quite likely will, any or all of 'em . . . anyway, we've had at least a taste of Spring. And even though our good old British climate does its best to justify the worst that's ever been said of it, and tries hard to mix up seasons and things till we don't know where we are, nevertheless it can't quite get over the great and glorious fact that, after all—

Winter's rains and ruins are over,
And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the Spring begins.
The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes
From leaf to flower and flower to fruit.

卐 卐

DOESN'T begin officially for another fortnight yet, Spring doesn't, so they tell me. But, all the same, when the crocuses are all brilliantly sprouting and carpeting the green earth with white and gold and mauve, and the daffodils bloom gaily with their fresh, tender yellow, and the narcissi are out and the snowdrops nodding their little fairy heads and almond trees a mass of flaky pink blossom and the gorse in flower, and violets and primroses peeping up in every bank and in every copse or wood—*quite* a good enough imitation for most of us—what?—whatever the old calendar may say. Even the bees have begun already on their busy buzzy tasks, while as for the birds . . . but then, they're always rather reckless little things and easy to mislead, aren't they?

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ANYWAY, the worst's over, and with January and February, the two (usually) deadest and dreariest months in the year, fairly put away and done with, can't help, somehow, pulling ourselves together and bracing ourselves up to enjoy once more a better and a brighter world. With the help, of course, of the new clothes and hats, etc., which the season demands. Really, can't look a sunny Spring day in the face without *them*, can we, not if we're to preserve our self-respect and all that sort of thing?

"Our taste of Spring"

SOMEHOW, always seems rather a turning-point in the year, does this month of March—which this time certainly hasn't come in very much like a lion, whatever it means to go out like. The earth, for one thing, begins to wake, and whatever its storms and inclemencies, at least it makes us feel alive again. And it's the start, too, for us in London now, of that social season of official and other shows and functions, which has got so much broader, more elastic in these latter years. No more, as in old times, is the season rigidly mapped out and limited by rules of the Medes and Persians, and all its events crowded into the two most summery months of the year.

"The start of the social season"

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WITH the Court's return to Town and the Levées that the King's been holding, it has really already had its first beginnings, even if this *is* Lent, and with Easter coming so early it ought to be fairly launched by April. Lent's another of the observances that we certainly seem to be less strict about these days, and I suppose they would have simply horrified our forefathers, the parties and dances that have been given the past week or so, in spite of the once so sternly enforced ban on anything of the kind any time between Ash Wednesday and Easter.

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RATHER on the quiet side, though, they've been, and even when the rest of the *monde qui s'amuse* has come back from Cannes, or Bordighera, or Sicily, or Algiers, or wherever it's been engaged in the pursuit of sunshine and pleasure, I doubt whether we

IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded)

shall ever see the old sort of solemn entertaining in the grand style again. Partly, of course, because people can't afford it, and partly also, I think, 'cos we've got a great deal too casual for that these days, and much prefer to do things at our ease *and* the shortest notice. Much simpler and easier, for instance, to fix up a dance-party by telephone at, say, Ciro's or the Grafton or the Roof Garden, than to upset yourself and household for days by getting up things on your own.

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RATHER a particularly fateful March this one, too, what with, for one thing, the whole matter of winning—or losing—the Peace being debated and fought out this very moment in our very midst. Seems extraordinary, doesn't it, having Huns, male and female, actually as our guests in London now—even though, of course, they're only official ones? But being lodged at the Savoy all the same, and fed sumptuously on *sole bonne femme* and *poulard Chimay* and oysters and salmon and saddle and *souffiés surprise* and *bombes* and all the rest of it.

"With the help of new clothes and hats, etc."

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LAST-NAMED being all they'd have at our expense if *I* had the catering for 'em. Except, perhaps, just the same menu exactly, course for course, as they gave our men in their prison camps during the War—while *theirs* over here were doing themselves proud and having, many of them, the time of their lives, with lawn tennis and private wine-cellars thrown in for the Hun officers at Donington Hall Do hope, anyway, we shall go on being firm with them in the Council Chamber, whatever we do at the (more or less) festal board. And remember what they would have made us pay if *they'd* won—not to mention what they'd have done to us in other ways, which hardly bears thinking of.

"Lodged at the Savoy and fed sumptuously"

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NOT a Christian sentiment that, I suppose. But must confess that on these occasions, dealing with Huns that is, I'm *rather* inclined to pin my faith for rough working principles to the more archaic doctrines of the O.T., which, I believe, says a good deal here and there and in one way or another about an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth and that sort of thing. Not that I'd ever suggest going quite as far as *that*. If we did the same things to the Huns as they did in Belgium or in some parts of France—well, we should have to *be* Huns, shouldn't we, and I can't say no fairer nor that? But I do think we ought to make them anyway *pay* (as the P.M. said in 1918, when an election was just coming on) to the "uttermost farthing."

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AND if there's any question of letting them off any of the sum that the Allies have agreed on as their just and fair and moderate share of reparation for the ruin they've brought upon the world . . . what about adding on, instead, just so much as would rescue from unemployment and poverty and ruin the thousands of our own fighting men who are *still* unprovided for? Millions are flying about airily enough. Every Government office seems to be asking for an extra twenty or so—and getting it, when its Minister threatens to resign if anyone dares to so much as check the bill!

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WHY not a million or two, or three, for the men who fought the War, while *les autres*, very wisely and rightly, of course, just sat at home (or in Rolls-Royces that whizzed about well behind the lines) and arranged it? Is it an altogether too extravagant idea? Am I being too frightfully foolish?

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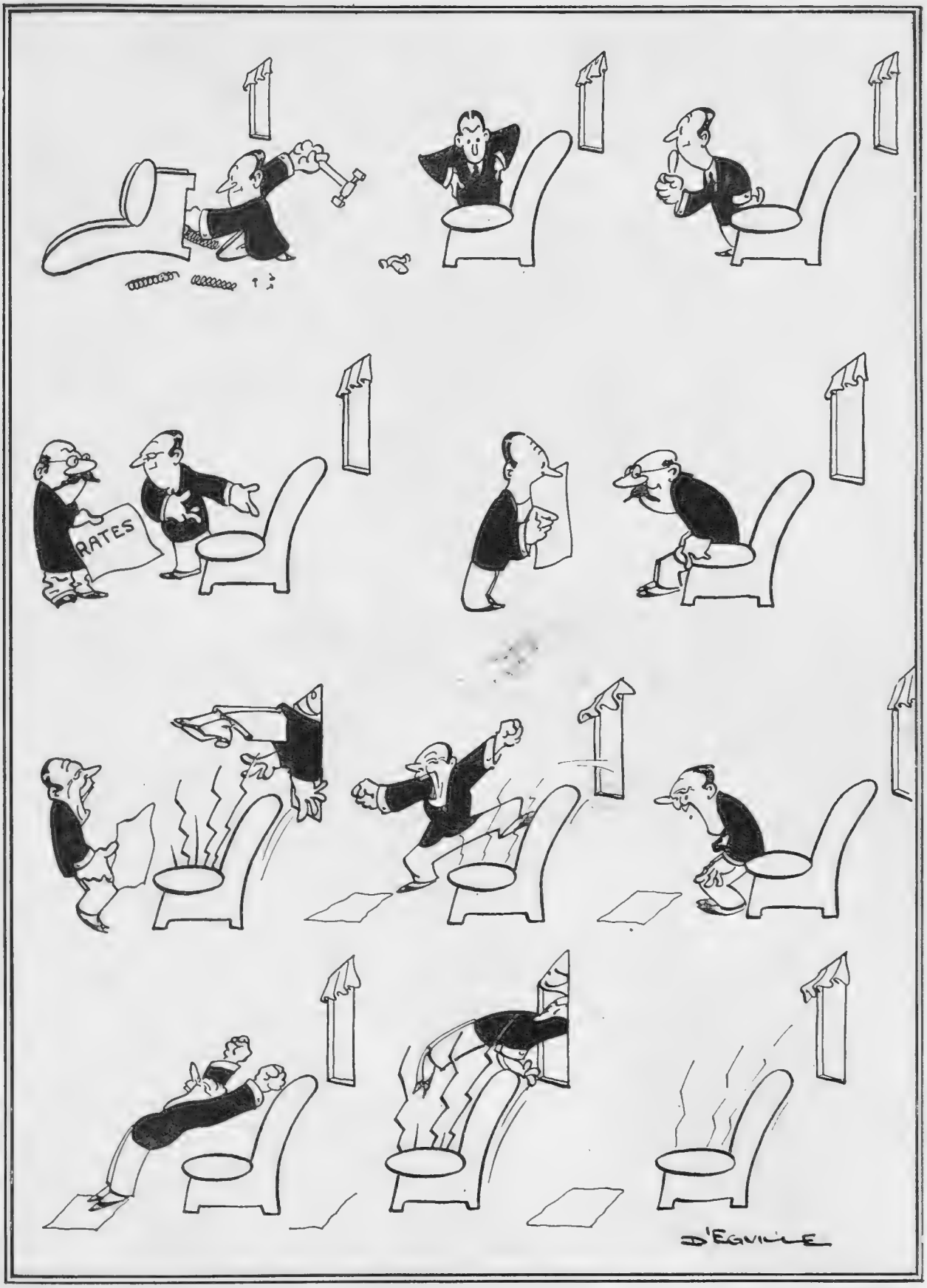
BUT after all, there was a War once, wasn't there? Or—wasn't there?

With love, yours ever, BLANCHETTE

Jumpy !



THE SPRING CHAIR

BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

RACING NOTIONS

BY CARBINE

SPRING RACING CAMPAIGN

In the Spring the racing man's fancy turns to thoughts of—the flat. Next week the new season begins with the usual rush to Lincoln and Liverpool, though at the latter meeting it is the Grand National rather than the flat-racing which yields the greatest excitement. Spring weather has been with us for a long time now, and we shall, therefore, see many more fit horses in the first few weeks of the season than is usually the case. I don't know that that will make finding winners any easier, but we shall all start the Spring campaign full of hope.

The Lincoln

It is at least encouraging to lead off with the winner of the Lincoln. Are we to have another turn-up like Furious, or will backers have the laugh on their side with the triumph of Ugly Duckling or one of the other public favourites? I am not without respect for the Duckling. I am told that the owner is having a genuine dash this time and looks upon the race as being as good as over. Well, he thought much the same when his horse ran in the Kempton Jubilee, and the "good thing" failed to come home. Poltava changed places in the market with Corn Sack when it became known that Donoghue would ride the former, but I am sure the difference between Steve and Bullock is not sufficient to justify this reversal in the betting. I have all along regarded CORN SACK as a likely winner, and I daresay I shall make him my selection when I come to deal finally with the race next week.

A Fine N.H. Meeting

CHELTENHAM proved as delightful a meeting as ever. Its race club has made a big bid to retain the National Hunt meeting for good, and certainly deserves to achieve that object. Captain Bennet was the hero of the first day. This remarkably fine horseman was seen to special advantage on Bugler, whom he rode with fine judgment. I don't quite know why Harry Brown did not take the mount himself, but he was proud enough in having trained the winner. He fully expected to do the trick again with Eager Prince on the second day, but luck was dead against him this time. I feel sure that horse would have won if he had not twisted a plate so badly as to cause him to lose his action.

The National

I WAS very much impressed with Garryvoe's performance. The style in which he won the big handicap under top weight was really brilliant, and set one wondering whether he will not have something to do with the finish of the Grand National. I find it difficult, however, to forget the shocking mess which Garryvoe made of the fences at Aintree last year. Next week he is sure to find them a lot stiffer than the Cheltenham jumps were. More to my liking is Old Tay Bridge, a good old-fashioned stamp who looks cut out for the Liverpool country.

Photograph *Sport and General*

"WELL OVER"

Colonel Howard Vyse clearing the last fence in the Royal Horse Guards (Blue) Point-to-Point Race at Hinton, which he won on "Barbara" after an exceedingly hard ride.

Favourite and Winner?

I WAS glad to learn from the trainer of Turkey Buzzard that the horse is all right. I hope he will remain so up to the day of the race, in which case he will probably start favourite. I think OLD TAY BRIDGE will win.

Grand Military

THE big event of the present week is, of course, the Grand Military Meeting at Sandown Park. With so many cavalry regiments out of England we cannot expect the racing to be quite up to the pre-War standard, but we look like having some very fair fields, and socially the gathering is sure to be a great success. The Gold Cup on Friday will be an interesting affair. White Surrey may make an effort to win for the second time, but he has much bigger weight this time, and I think Blazers also has too big a burden. Pillage ran well enough at Cheltenham to give him a chance. The Irish mare, Pay Only, has some good form to recommend her, and I look for her success. The foreigners riding in uniform in the Allies Steeplechase on Saturday will have a great reception. The Count d'Oultremont will probably win. In the Imperial Cup on the same day Mr. Heybourne's stable looks like carrying off another substantial trophy. I do not know whether it will be represented by TRESPASSER or MORGANATIC MARRIAGE, but I am convinced that the chosen one of this pair will be well worth following.

People You Will See at Lincoln

BY "THE TOUT"

"The Tout" has happily hit off some prominent personalities at the Lincoln Spring Meeting, which opens the flat-racing season next week

SPORTS & PASTIMES

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE OXFORD CREW AT HENLEY

The second stage of practice for the University boat-race is now in progress. Oxford have been at Henley since the beginning of last week, and though backward, owing to the difficulty experienced in finding a suitable man for the stroke thwart, have been making fair progress

ROWING

Harbingers of Spring

THE appropriateness of the illustration at the head of this page in an issue of THE BYSTANDER which calls itself the Spring Number will be at once recognised. When the crews appear on the Thames we know that if Spring is not actually here it very soon will be. Nature's own harbingers of Spring are no more infallible—although it has been known to snow on the day of the race. Last week Oxford were at Henley, and their stay there will terminate to-morrow (Thursday). They will then have a few days' rest before appearing on the tideway on the 14th for the final stage of practice. Cambridge rested during the early part of last week, and arrived at Marlow on Thursday last. They are expected to remain there till Saturday, and to put in their first appearance, like Oxford, on the tideway next week.

RACKETS

The Army Doubles Championship

BY their victory in the Army Doubles Championship at Prince's last week, the holders, Captain H. G. Moore-Gwyn and Captain T. O. Jameson, have enabled the 3rd Battalion the Rifle Brigade to join the select band of five units which have won this competition more than once. The fact that the final was contested by two battalions of the same regiment was also unique, the defeated finalists being Major A. H. G. Sloggett, D.S.O., and 2nd Lieut. A. C. Gore of the 2nd Battalion.

By PETER FRASER

"IN THE RING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY LIGHTLY TURNS TO THOUGHTS OF GLOVE"

CRICKET

The Test Matches *v.* Australia

IT seems to me rather curious that so many commentators upon the results of the Test Matches should have chosen to emphasise the fact that for the first time on record England has lost every one of the five. It is equally true, and much more just, to put it the other way round and say that for the first time on record Australia has won every one of the five. The first way implies that England were a poor side, which is misleading, the second implies that Australia were a very fine side indeed, which is undoubted. In other words, although we may be disappointed we have no reason for being disgusted or disheartened.

Hope for the Future

WE were so enthusiastic over the revival of cricket in this country after the War that I think we jumped too hastily to the conclusion that its success meant that the standard of play was as high as ever it was, whereas, in fact, it was not. We had to rely, in the main, upon our pre-war stalwarts, and it was really unlikely that they would prove to be as good as they used to be, particularly when they were called upon to play in

(*Continued on page 542*)

Pears'

SOAP

protects and beautifies the skin.

The desire for a beautiful complexion is not mere vanity, it is the expression of a natural craving for health. A beautiful skin is invariably a healthy skin, and you will ensure a healthy skin by the constant use of Pears' Transparent Soap. Invented 130 years ago, its reputation as the best is still unchallenged. Use it constantly and, however poor, your complexion will discover a new vitality; however good, its beauty will increase.

Matchless for the Complexion.

Have you used one of Pears' *Golden Series?*

a climate and under conditions to which they were not accustomed. Added to all this—and the point cannot be over-emphasised—they found themselves up against a team which compares favourably with some of the greatest teams of other days. The renewal of the struggle on English soil is not far distant. It begins at the end of May. We may look forward to it necessarily with anxiety, but not without hope.

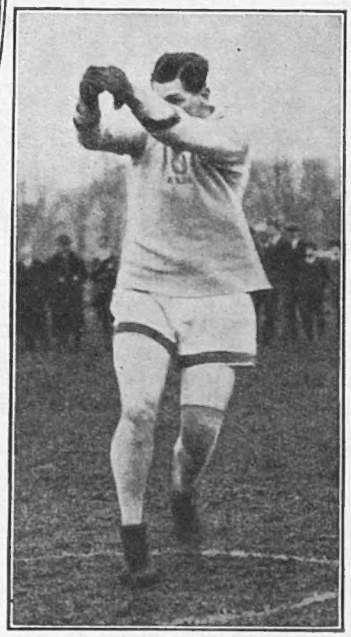
W. R. MILLIGAN (University)
Winning the half-mile, which he covered, without being fully extended, in the excellent time of 2 minutes. He also won the mile

TWO WINNERS AT THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY SPORTS

FOOTBALL

Something Wrong

THERE are indications that all is not as well as it should be in present day Rugby Football. Penalty kicks are getting to be far too numerous, and so are accidents, and the two things, especially if taken in conjunction, are ominous. In Rugby football every man on the field ought to be actuated by a desire to play the game fairly and straight-forwardly, and, although the laws are sometimes broken accidentally or unintentionally, penalty kicks are only ordered for breaches of the law which, in the referee's opinion, are wilful or intentional. Consequently, if penalty kicks are on the increase it means that there are an increasing number of players who deliberately try to win matches by unfair means, and very often succeed if they are sufficiently unscrupulous.



M. C. NOKES (Magdalen)
Who won the hammer with a throw of 158 ft. 8 in., thereby setting up a fresh record for this event at Oxford

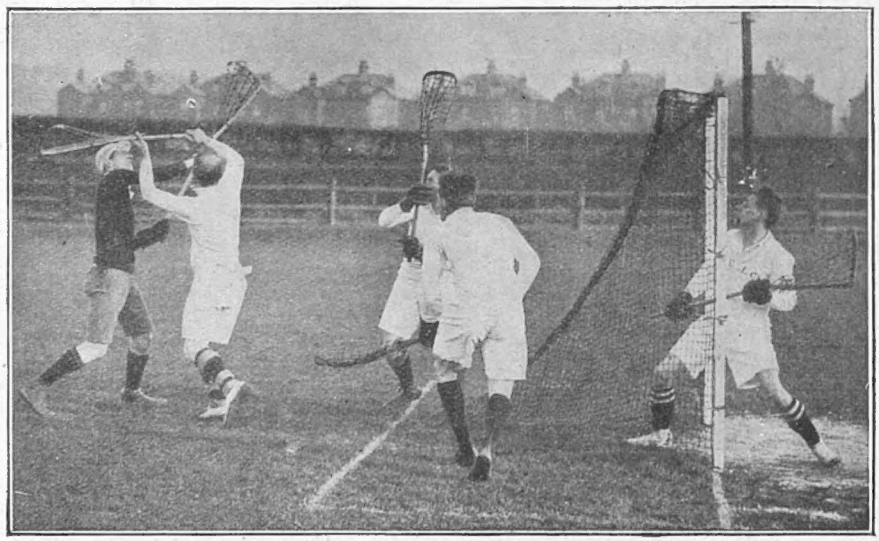
Risking a Penalty

IT seems to me that if a side gives unmistakable proof that it intends to take the risk of being penalised and to go on playing unfairly all through the game, some stronger deterrent than a penalty-kick must obviously be employed. It is useless for the referee to go on ordering penalty kick after penalty kick if they do not have the effect of stopping the illegalities of which they are the outcome. He has the power to take more drastic measures, and he should exercise it. For it is laid down in the laws that the practice of taking the risk of a penalty in order to gain or save a try by unfair play can be dealt with upon the same footing as rough or foul play or misconduct, and for these offences players can be ordered off the field. Rugby men pride themselves upon the fact that this extreme measure is seldom resorted to, but this is only false pride if, in the meantime, the purity of the game is being jeopardised.

Accidents on the Increase

ACCIDENTS are more difficult to adjudicate upon. Rugby football is, of course, a game in which accidents must happen now and again, but when they begin to happen with anything like frequency one cannot help wondering whether unnecessary roughness is not on the increase. It is tolerably well known that several players who have been "laid out" more or less recently were the victims of something which looked very like undue violence, and I suggest that referees will be well-advised in the future to take prompt measures in all cases where they have reason to think that the play is unnecessarily rough. Rough play and unfair play are closely allied and are equally prejudicial to the game. If they are both on the increase the duty of stopping them must not be shirked merely because it is an unpleasant one.

H. S. S.



Photographs *Sport and General*

A LACROSSE REVIVAL: CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY v. LONDON CENTRE

Lacrosse has now been successfully revived at both Universities. Our illustration shows a tussle behind the goal in the course ot the Cambridge Team's first match, which took place at Beckenham last week

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The Gift of Tongues.

New Pelman Method of Learning French or Spanish.

It has sometimes been said that the British people do not possess the "gift of tongues." Indeed, Disraeli once said that we were "noble barbarians, speaking no language but our own." This is not the view of the well-known Pelman Institute, which has just opened a special department for teaching Foreign Languages through the post by an entirely new and most interesting method.

The view of the Institute may be given in the following words—

"The British people live on an island. Therefore they have fewer opportunities of coming into contact with foreigners than are possessed by their Continental neighbours. But apart from this fact they can learn languages just as easily as can any other race.

"Anyone can learn Foreign Languages if taught on right lines. Given the right method, a Foreign Language can be acquired with surprising ease. But the right method is essential. Many people have failed to learn—say—French after years of school tuition because they have been taught by wrong methods. Consequently, their efforts have ended either in total failure or in very imperfect success."

The new Pelman method of learning languages by correspondence is one of the most remarkable educational achievements of the century, and, in the opinion of those who have examined and tested it, it is bound to revolutionise the normal methods of teaching languages in this and other countries.

The French and Spanish Courses are now ready and are fully described in two little books, one entitled "How to Learn French" and the other "How to Learn Spanish." A copy of either of these books will be sent, gratis and post free, to any reader who writes for it to the address printed below.

No Translation.

Based on an entirely new principle, the Pelman method is simplicity itself, and one of the most striking features of these Courses is that they do not contain a single English word, but are written entirely in either French or Spanish. And yet, even if you do not know these languages at all—even if you do not know the meaning of a single French or Spanish word—you can study either of these Courses with ease, and read the lessons without a mistake, and without "looking-up" any word in a French-English or Spanish-English Dictionary. This sounds almost incredible, yet it is perfectly true, as you will see for yourself when you take the first lesson.

Another important fact about this new method is that it enables you to read, write, and speak French or Spanish without bothering your head with complex grammatical rules, or burdening your memory with the task of learning by heart long vocabularies of French or Spanish words. When you have completed either Course, you will be able to read French (or Spanish) books and newspapers, and to write and speak French or Spanish accurately, grammatically, and fluently, and without that hesitation which comes when a Foreign Language is acquired, as it usually, but wrongly, is, through the medium of English.

The process of learning French or Spanish by the Pelman method is an extremely fascinating one. The difficulty of teaching Pronunciation by correspondence has been overcome by an ingenious device, and so simple and effective is the whole method that it enables you to acquire a thorough practical mastery of the French or Spanish Tongue in about one-third of the time usually required. Write to-day for a free copy of the book describing this method (mentioning the language—French or Spanish—in which you are interested), to the Pelman Institute (Modern Languages Dept.), 66, Bloomsbury Mansions, Hart Street, London, W.C. 1.

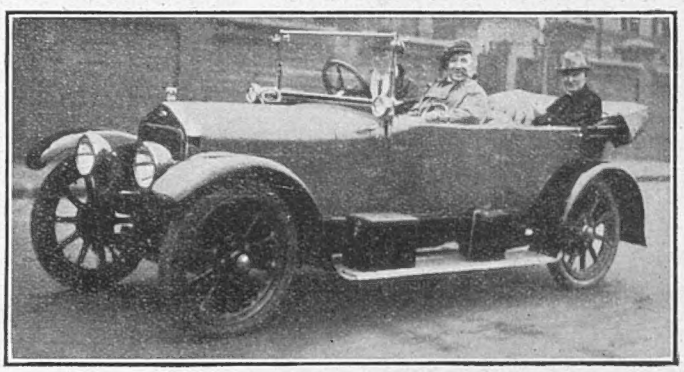
MOTOR-NOTES

SPRING is here, so let us forget troubles and look on the brighter side of motoring—the joys of the road. Last week in brilliant sunshine I took a run in a 24 h.p. Sunbeam six-cylinder car, and, without any idea of a "stunt," drove it on to the top of Leith Hill up a sandy, deep-rutted road, or rather cart track, that reminded one of the veldt more than of England's woods and pastures. But the view over Surrey and Sussex was worth the risk of ditching the car, as it was axle deep in sand at one spot yet came up without a single halt. I don't believe a motor-car has been up Leith Hill before, or, if so, not for very many years. But this six-cylinder Sunbeam is a beautiful car to drive, and so easy to handle. The steering is light, the clutch the best in the world, and gear changing as easy as "kissing the back of your hand," as the polite bricklayer used to say when building boiler flues in my apprenticeship days. One hears a lot about best value for money nowadays, but £1,500 appears cheap to me for this six-cylinder car, complete for the road, which seems to be able to climb anything. As, however, when on the level you can start from standing on the third gear without any clutch slipping or other fakes, it can be readily understood what a fine reserve you have in the two lower gears when something really steep is met on the road. And the top gives you all the speed you want to travel up to over a mile a minute.

* * *

THAT old-time motorist, Mr. A. J. McCormack, was presented by the directors and senior staff of the Wolseley Company with a Queen Anne silver service a week or so ago, and though he has not been with this Vickers concern quite as long as Queen Anne has ceased to reign it was a well-deserved souvenir of his own useful service. Wolseley cars, by the way, are greatly adding to their reputation to-day by the excellent manner they are giving service on the road in the hands of their owners. This applies equally to the "ten," the "fifteen" and to the six-cylinder "twenty," and it is invidious to say which is better than the other in their respective class. There is one thing, however, I am sure of, and that is the works at Birmingham are really at work, as I went down to inspect them the other day, and are turning out cars at so many per week with great regularity and, better still, with care. There seems to be more pride of individual workmanship shown in this factory than is usual nowadays, and is the true old British working spirit that has done so much to put us where we are. Where are we, did you say? Just guess.

OLD HY.



SIR HARRY LAUDER
In a Wolseley "fifteen" in which he recently visited Birmingham

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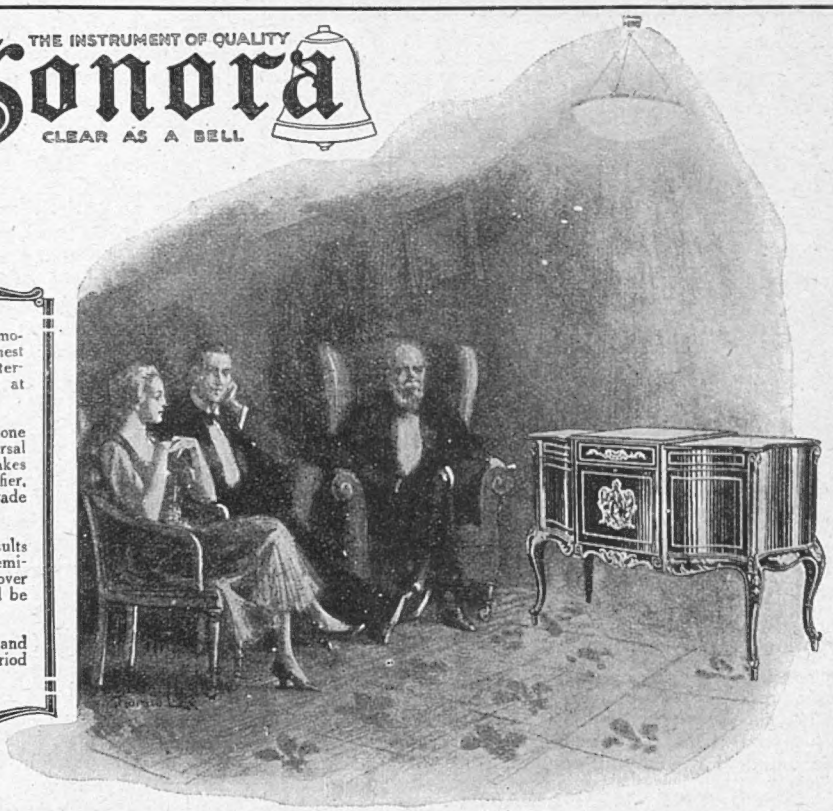

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